

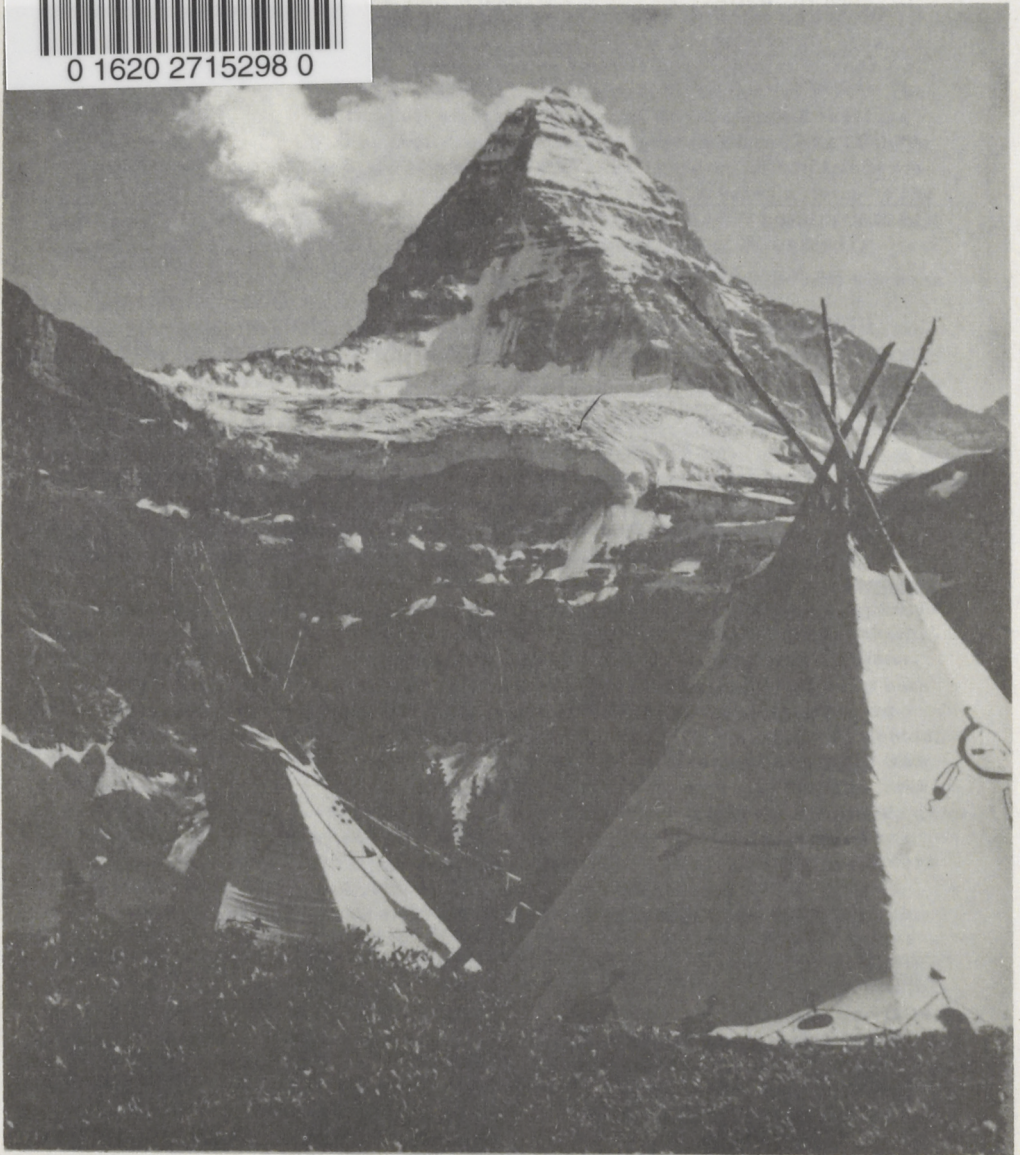
# The BULLETIN

Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies

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MOUNT ASSINIBOINE PEAK - 11,870 feet  
and Magog Glacier taken by Larry Park  
at the Trail Ride Campsite in 1958.

1968 ISSUE  
A. B. NO. 7



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE (40 miles South of Banff) Trail Ride Area  
(Campsite - Bryant Creek Meadows)

JULY RIDES: Monday, July 8 to Saturday, July 13, 1968 ) Each is a 6  
Monday, July 15 - Saturday, July 20, 1968 ) day ride.  
AUGUST RIDES: Sunday, August 4 to Friday, August 9, 1968 ) \$130.00 is  
Sunday, August 11 to Friday, August 16, 1968 ) the price.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: (seven members)

John D. Petrie, Q. C.	1290 Calgary House, Calgary	263-0550
(Chairman)	3641 - 9th Street S. W.	243-0758
John H. Waite	711 Texaco Bldg., Calgary	266-7416
	1139 Riverdale Avenue	
John A. Legge, Jr.	Okotoks, Alberta	
Howard C. Watkins	5024 - 15th Street S. W., Calgary	243-3744
Mrs. Lois Laycraft	1423 Carlyle Road S. W.	252-5996
Mrs. Elaine Downing	925 - Royal Avenue S. W.	244-4447
Sol Lipkind	605-607 Second St. S. E.	262-9426

RENEW YOUR \$3.00 MEMBERSHIPS AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW

RIDERS - Secretary Treasurer - Box 6742, Station D, Calgary, Alta.  
or Mrs. Muriel E. Walter - Telephone 263-3900 (Office) or  
244-0192 (Residence)

HIKERS - Secretary Treasurer - Mr. Louis W. Shulman -  
622 - Madison Avenue S. W., Calgary, Alberta - Phone 243-1338

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE - Campsite at Airplane Meadows near Assiniboine Pass  
for the SKYLINE TRAIL HIKERS - 1968

JULY HIKES Tuesday, July 23rd to Saturday, July 27th, 1968.  
Sunday, July 28th to Thursday, August 1st, 1968.

Both are 5 day hikes and the price tag is \$70.00 per person.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Ian MacKenzie	Box 93, Strathmore, Alta.	382-3045
(Chairman)		
Miss Jeanne Hunt	2020 - 25th St. S. W., Calgary	242-1201
Louis W. Shulman	622-Madison Ave S. W.	243-1338
Robert Loudon	131 Cornwallis Dr. N. W.	289-7159
Ken Betts	3628-7A St. S. W.	243-0627
Jack Crossley	2426-2nd St. S. E.	266-5032
Jim Barber	368 Hendon Dr. N. W.	282-4370
Howard Herrle	630-21 Ave. N. W.	289-5034
Robert Jones	#203 - 600 - First St. N. E.	266-3908
Tom Royan	6423 Lakeview Dr. S. W.	249-6413
Mrs. Doris Stevenson	#1008 - 701-66 Ave. S. W.	252-2424
Miss Marian Goldstrom	4133 - 36 St. Red Deer, Alberta	

ASSOCIATION BULLETIN EDITOR: Miss Mary S. Lore 289-6453  
1621 - 4th St. N. W., Calgary, Alta.

Historical Note: Dr. John Murray Gibbon founded the Trail Riders in 1923, with the first ride in 1924; and founded the Skyline Hikers in 1933 with their first hike the same year. Both associations became independent in June, 1961.  
TRAIL RIDERS - 45th Riding Season - SKYLINE HIKERS - 36th Hiking Season.



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## ASSOCIATION HISTORY



The late Dr. John Murray GIBBON, Founder of the Trail Riders in 1923 and the Skyline Hikers in 1933. He died at the age of 72 in 1952 and his ashes lie in Banff Cemetery.

He was General Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway for many years. He served as Secretary-Treasurer of both associations as well as Bulletin Editor at different times for the associations. His Stoney Indian friends honored him by making him "Chief Man-of-Many Sides" in 1944. The Geological Survey of Canada named the pass between Twin Lakes and Shadow Lake "Gibbon Pass" in 1929. The Historic Sites and Monuments Branch of Canada erected a cairn to the memory of Dr. Gibbon in 1955 near the main chalet at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

His daughter Ann lives in England and his sons

John and Phillip live in Eastern Canada.

Although the idea of the Trail Ride came about in 1923, the first ride took place in 1924 and started out as a travelling ride with a new campsite each night. This year will be the 45th year of trail riding with four camps (since 1957) being held in one central spot. The hikers are participating in their 36th year of hiking since being organized. These two associations have introduced many hundreds of men, women and children to the Canadian Rockies and the hidden glories which are to be found off the beaten track. This is the first year that two hikes have been held.

For many years the associations were sponsored by the Canadian Pacific Railway but in 1961 the two associations were given their independence and since then have functioned through their own executives. The organizational pattern has been updated but some of the tradition of the past has been retained, such as the Indian style teepees used by the riders and hikers in their camps. The teepees are made of heavy canvas, waterproofed and forced to fit the poles cut for them, whereas the first ones were probably buckskin tipis made by the Stoney Indians.

The Skyline Hikers have a get-together in Banff the evening before the hike starts with a program of slides and last minute information regarding the camp area. After ride and hike get-togethers are very popular in Calgary, Edmonton, California, Vancouver, Victoria, Pennsylvania and other areas where more than two hikers or riders have attended one of the camps. Other people become interested and often attend a future camp, after having attended a get-together slide show.

In 1960, a combined hike and ride get-together was organized and became known as the "Roundup" which serves several purposes. It gives previous riders and hikers a chance to see each other and it gives newcomers an opportunity to become exposed to whatever it is that makes hiking and riding contagious. The new brochures are available for the forthcoming events, pictures of past camps are shown and followed by chit-chat and a coffee session. The last one was held on Tuesday, February 20th at the Canadian Western Natural Gas Company auditorium with about 150 persons present from both associations as well as some visitors. Charlie Whittacker represented the Edmonton outfit and Red Deer turned out in nice numbers with Seebe, Banff and Coleman being represented. Uncle Ray Bagley made it and is looking forward to his ninetieth birthday in the next year or so. It has been passed on to us that the Banff newspaper, "The Summit" is going to publish Uncle Ray's poems in book form very soon.

At the time of going to press, ninety persons are signed up for Skyline Hike No. 1 and eighty-five for Hike No. 2. There are eighty signed up for the trail rides. In 1967 there were sixty-four hikers at the Shadow Lake camp and one hundred and eight trail riders in the Palliser Pass area.



The Assiniboine area has been a favourite riding area for trail riders as well as guests who come to the lodges located in the area. The trail riders have located their campsites in the vicinity of Assiniboine at least a dozen times since they became an association. Most recent dates have been 1958 when they were camped on the shores of Lake Magog and again in 1964. This year the trail riders will be camping on Bryant Creek Meadows which places them in the heart of ideal riding country. The valleys are large and the plains expansive and the lakes are plentiful. The hikers' campsite is to be just over the Assiniboine Pass, still several miles from the private lodges located on the shores of Lakes Magog and Sunburst. These lodges operate on the American plan and arrangements must be made in advance by writing to the respective owners. Sunburst Lodge which is operated by Miss Elizabeth Rummel will accommodate six to ten persons, whereas, Assiniboine Lodge accommodates between twenty and thirty guests. The latter's guests usually enjoy a two day ride from Banff and spend the night at the halfway house accommodation high in the mountains.

The following information is from "Hill-Top Tales" written by the late Dan McCowan, F. Z. S., of Banff, who was a skyline hiker for many years.

The Assiniboine Indians were a part of the Sioux Nation, but were the group who migrated westward to the Great Plains. They found that the clay pots were too fragile and that platters of slate were cumbersome when travel was by dog travois. Broiling a fish or roasting a Prairie Chicken was a very simple matter but to boil or roast antelope or buffalo was a cooking problem. Somehow in order to solve their problem, it was decided to scoop a shallow hole in the ground and line it with pliant pelt with the hair side down, and fill the depression with water. Into this water were dropped hot stones, which had been heated in a nearby fire, by the use of some type of tongs. The meat was placed in the steaming vat. The process of placing hot stones in the vat was continued until the meat was cooked. Because of this custom, these people were called Stone Boilers, which name in time was shortened to Stoneys, and the Indian equivalent is Assiniboine.

The lofty 11,870 foot peak was named Mt. Assiniboine in 1885 by a Canadian geologist, Dr. Dawson. Each summer hardy climbers make the six to seven hour ascent. Climbers are sometimes turned back because of the ice conditions on the sheer face of the pyramid shaped peak. Sir James Outram, a British clergyman, an early visitor to the Canadian Rockies, made many first ascents and had no blemish of accident to his record, climbed the peak one day in September, 1901, and at that time he stood on a spot in Canada which was higher than had heretofore been reached by man. Swiss guides C. Bohren and C. Hasler, Sr., accompanied Sir James Outram on the six-hour ascent and the return was made by the north face which was said to be extremely venturesome. The trio reached their base camp in safety and were congratulated by the packer, Bill Peyto, and by Sinclair, the cook. The latter got out his fiddle and played a song for them, "See the Conquering Heroes Come."

However, all the climbs have not ended so happily for the participants. On July 16, 1921, Dr. and Mrs. Winthrop Stone, the former being the president of Purdue University, started to climb which was to have been a first ascent, the lofty Mt. Eon, which is well over ten thousand feet in altitude. It is located just behind Gloria and Marvel lakes. The Doctor detached himself from his climbing rope and accidentally fell from a cliff and plunged over a precipice to his death.



Mrs. Stone, left alone on a narrow shelf of rock, was unable to move up or down and survived an experience which few mountaineers have ever been called upon to undergo. She remained there, without food, exposed to the hot sun by day and the frosty night air of the high altitude, and grief-stricken. She saw seven sunrises and seven sunsets, and the revolving planets of the sky each night, as she existed on the mountain side. She was discovered by veteran Swiss guide, Rudolph Aemmer, who took her to safety in the valley below. Later, with great difficulty, guides, Aemmer, Edward Feuz and Conrad Kain rescued the body of Dr. Stone.

It is said that a cairn was built on the summit of the mountain and in the metal box within the cairn is a sincere tribute to one who loved the Canadian Rockies but who came to his journey's end while ascending Mount Eon.

### TOWNSEND TROPHY

The editor received some correspondence from Reginald T. Townsend of New York city, who was the donor of the Townsend Trophy and caused the first photographic contests to be launched among the trail riders. This event took place in the summer of 1929. Following are excerpts from his most interesting letter.

"Thank you so much for sending me the current Bulletin on the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies . . . reading it will bring back a host of memories . . . how many years ago now is it since the late J. Murray Gibbon formed the Trail Riders and was good enough to include me as one of the founders on that initial ride? The first trail ride was for all of us, a wonderful experience and while I have been in the Canadian Rockies since that time, I have never had the good fortune to take part once more in a trail ride. But I am always most interested in reading of the trail rides and I am especially grateful that the Townsend Trophy is still in existence and being awarded annually . . . I recall that Jim Simpson was the head guide and wrangler and he had a rarity in a lady cowgirl named, Madeline Turner, who worked as hard and as efficiently as any of the cowboys . . . I hope the trail rides will last for a great many years to come and that everyone taking part in them will have as much fun and get as full of health as we did in that initial ride. Wishing the Trail Riders continued success."

The 1967 Townsend Trophy Committee members were Miss Phyllis Laking, Mrs. Helen Lindsay, Mrs. Mara Smith and Charles R. Whittaker of Edmonton. They report a most successful competition, having received over two hundred entries. The slides and prints were judged by three judges selected by the committee in the city of Edmonton. The following were the winners and it seems they all attended the third ride.

First Prize (receives a small replica of the Townsend Trophy) was awarded to Mr. Bill Jones, Bloomington, California for "The Crossing".

Second Prize to S.G. Houghton, Reno, Nevada with "Birdwood Basin".

Third Prize to Mrs. V. A. Newcombe, Yellowknife, N.W.T., for "Tipis".

**SOMERVILLE TROPHY** - The Skyline Hikers have appointed a committee to organize a competition of slides, color and black and white prints, taken at their summer camps. Details will be announced later but all hiking photographers should be prepared to participate in such a competition in the autumn of 1968. The trophy is in memory of the late Dr. A. (Sandy) Somerville who was an enthusiastic photographer. The hikers wish to perpetuate his memory in the association in this manner.



MT. ASSINIBOINE and SHADOW LAKE (riding, hiking and camping) in 1933.  
by Miss Lillian Gest, Wynnewood, Pa.

(Miss Gest is the 1968 Skyline Hike President. She is the author of a booklet on the Lake O'Hara area. She has spent many of her summers in the Canadian Rockies and is an authority on bird life in the Rockies.) (This trip was one of the late Caroline Hinman's (also a hiker and rider) horseback and camping trips, which she organized and conducted each summer for many years. The following was from July 1 - 13, 1933. There were five guests and four guides, nine saddle and eleven pack horses. This account is taken from Lillian Gest's diary. She says that recent trips over the same area has shown her that the trails have changed and the trees have grown.)

It had been a late spring and snow lay low in the mountains. That was fun but it meant harder work for the men who ran the pack train and pitched the tents. We mounted our horses at the Healy Creek gate on the Sundance Canyon road and light-hearted and gay, we rode two or three hours to our camp already set up for us on Brewster Creek. There was no road in those days, no cabins at the ten mile spot; but the trail was good.

The next day we rode up the valley. One thing we learned, made us very sad. Almost half the horses had been lost that spring. Rumor had it that some had been stolen and sold to the fox farms for meat -- a horrid thought! Some of us had been out with these horses before and we felt we had lost real friends. My favorite horse, named "Patches", was among the missing. He had been a big lanky, strong horse, black with white patches on his flanks and a white face. He was very trail-wise, walked steadily and quickly over stones or logs, through streams or muddy spots. Best of all he never broke into a trot unless told to do so, or the other horses got too far ahead. My new horse was more delicate, danced along the sides of the trail and broke into a little jiggly trot at the least provocation. She was a good horse but our personalities just did not seem to click.

That second day, we saw that the horses were all heavily loaded and one of the guides was walking, having packed his saddle horse -- so Caroline and I decided we would walk and then the men could pack our horses. We were camped near the Brewster cabin, a C. P. R. cabin we called it and now it is Erling Strom's half-way camp. After supper some of us climbed up the trail through several snow banks and then went up the other side of the valley to get a better view of the pass.

Erling also came in that evening with his party enroute to open his camp at Mt. Assiniboine. This was one of the first years that he had run the C. P. R. camp there. Two years before it had been run by Mrs. Bill Brewster. The Wheeler Walking Tour Cabins, now belong to the Alpine Club of Canada, was run by Mrs. June Brewster. One of the girls in Strom's party rode up to our camp and asked where she should tie her horse! I guess it never occurred to her that there could be a second party in that valley. That day we had seen several moose and a goat and the hillsides were covered with animal tracks. Vic Krutschera, who was with Erling, came over to our camp - he was noted as a constant talker and he ran true to form that evening.

The next morning, Caroline and I started up the trail on foot and for me it was one of the best trips that I have ever had in these mountains. Of course,



we thought the men would pack our horses and were chagrined when we saw them coming along with their empty saddles. We had waited at the third snow bank for pictures and found most of the party leading their horses. Caroline, as their leader, felt that she was needed by some of the less active members and she decided to stay with them. So I went on alone. It was lovely on the pass and I took pictures of the horses as they came along. Going down was even more fun as I glissaded down the many snow banks and then looking up watched the party winding down the long switchbacks.

We camped that night in the valley, explored the cliffs to the east and got a view of Mt. Assiniboine. Deer came practically into our camp but we did not see or even consider the possible presence of grizzly bears which have often been seen on those slopes in later years.

A thunderstorm and heavy rain enlivened the camp that night and the horses departed for the delights of greener grass and heavier timber on Bryant Creek.

The next morning I started walking about 11:30 a.m. meeting the men with the missing horses on the trail. I chose Assiniboine pass although I knew the party was to go over Og pass. It is better for horses, but I was on foot! Also both trails seemed to be unnecessarily round-about so I left them and made a bee-line for the Assiniboine pass. With time out for lunch and a rest, I made it about three in the afternoon. There seemed to be still a lot of country between me and Mt. Assiniboine and there all kinds of trails. Having no idea which to take, I again headed for Sunburst peak, although I knew it only as a shoulder of Mt. Wedgwood. However, I arrived at Sunburst Lake just as the party did. Our old campsite was all snow covered (where Elizabeth Rummel's camp is now) so we went high up on the cliffs above where a small lake fed only by the melting snow, supplied our needs. It was a beautiful evening, the moon rising behind Mt. Magog and icebergs floating on the lake below - years later Elizabeth found the campsite and told me that she had often wondered who had camped there (when we visited it together some years later).

The next day was magnificent and cameras were busy as we explored the lakes and I went up alone to the upper lake which is now called "Lake Elizabeth". I felt that day, that I had discovered it. At camp, a ptarmigan flew up on the cliffs above us. We easily located her nest with five eggs in it.

On our second day at Assiniboine, Caroline and I walked the ridge from Assiniboine pass to Wonder pass, a trip I highly recommend. We photographed ourselves at Boundary Summit cairn, went up and down the ridges to the top of Cascade rock, lunched on the summit of Mt. Cautley, looked down on Gibraltar rock and then walked the skyline almost to Wonder peak. We descended by many snow patches to Wonder pass, returning by Gog lake and the C.P.R. cabins, now Erling Strom's camp. It was a long climb back up to our own camp but it had been a marvellous day.

Next morning I left about nine with the men still out after the horses which had again gone to Bryant creek. It was a long hot walk towards Og pass and then down the Valley of the Rocks and Golden valley. For once I stuck to the trail and at a little spot called Wranglers' Delight, I waited for the party. We all waded in the stream and ate lunch. Afterwards forty minutes brought me to our camp at the



foot of Citadel pass hill which "Red", our cook, called Porcupine camp; no doubt because several bit the dust while we were there!

Early next day, I was off first up the Citadel pass hill, at the lake near the top. This may well have been the site of the Skyline Hike camp in 1948. I decided to go over Citadel peak and stick not to a trail but to the continental divide. Then I could have one foot in Alberta and the other in British Columbia. From the summit the horses looked so small and so far down on the trail below; I was glad I was not there. In later years, on the Trail Ride to Lake Eohippus, on trips to Sunshine with the Skyline Hikers in that area, I have wondered just where I went and how I knew where I was going. I went up chimneys, scrambled over cliffs and down the couloirs, scared up a goat by stones I rolled down on him when he was not fifty yards away. A mother ptarmigan flew at me when I tried to catch one of her six babies not two days old - mostly I did follow the divide with many ups and downs and couloirs. I passed Rock Isle lake and saw many ski tracks down from Quartz hill. I passed some lakes on the Simpson river side. A storm threatened from the Mt. Assiniboine area and for a time there was a strong wind and I put on my rain gear. Exposed ridges now seemed less attractive so I travelled along at the timberline; sometimes on game trails, sometimes not, and crossing many snow banks. There was a gentle rain for a time but the wind subsided and it was not cold. I feel sure I didn't know then where I was or where camp would be. I remember how glad I was when I first spotted our horses turned out to graze in a green meadow ahead of me but still some distance away. If I could find the horses, I knew I could find the camp. I got into the timber soon but the going was not difficult, and then I struck a stream and a trail. There were old horse tracks on the trail all going down stream and one fresh track going down fast. I thought perhaps one of our guides was riding down to head off the pack ponies but it was probably the ranger. Then I looked up and there was our cook tent and "Red" getting water from the stream. So there I was in camp, much to the amusement of the guides as the girls were all up on the pass looking for me.

We stayed at that camp the next day and I had a fine ride in the afternoon over the alplands. We explored a copper mine claim of one of the Peytos up on a little hill, found his table and shack. The lakes on Redearth pass where we had camped a few years before were all frozen over. One horse fell into a snowbank and we had to dig him out.

When we left that camp, Caroline decided she would walk with me. It was delightful to have someone to share the adventure and what a day we had! The weather was poor so we had to wait out several storms, one of hail but we kept as high as we could. We found the Talc mine road and a cabin by an ice-bound lake surrounded by high cliffs. We thought at first it must be Mummy lake but later decided it was a nameless lake shown on our map. The country beyond was very desolate but lovely and in time we came out on a cliff with a view of Mummy lake and from there went down to Scarab lake. From a hill above we looked over the meadows below and soon spotted our horses' and smoke from our camp near Egypt lake. We had a difficult time reaching it; over cliffs, down couloirs and snow gullies, only to be blocked and have to go back and try another spot. Several times we climbed high up on the cliffs of the peak there, and traversed around it before we reached a scree slope and a gully which brought us to a swampy meadow and then open woods to our tipis and camp. Years later, I was at Egypt lake with the Skyline Hikers; then I found trails and signs and my memory of the old scrambles



was dimmed. The hikers avoided the routes I took in those early days with good reason.

Our second day at Egypt Lake was to be one of exploration of all these lakes, but instead rain kept us in the tipis with books, games and cards. In the later afternoon, we went up to Egypt Lake and part way around it.

When we left, Caroline and I were hiking and we went up the hill above the camp to the right of Scarab Lake, back of the first Pharoah peak and through the Whistling valley, over the pass to Haiduk Lake. How well the Skyline Hikers know this area now! But on the early trip, I felt like an explorer; I had found the ideal walking tour of the Rockies, one where one tramped over beautiful alplands and feared no rushing river would block one's passage. Below Haiduk Lake, we found a brand new trail much to our surprise. We followed it down to an old campsite at the foot of Ball pass and then went on to the Shadow Lake cabin where another party of five or six were staying. I think the cabin then belonged to the C. P. R. The Skyline Hikers camped here last summer in their tipis (1967). We took the trail up towards Twin Lakes where we unexpectedly found camp in a small meadow. A big bull moose came up to our camp in the evening and got a warm reception from a battery of photographers. He soon beat a leisurely retreat down the hillside.

My walking trip ended here and the next day I rode with the party past the Twin Lakes and up the hill to the Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp, (now Storm Mountain Camp) auto road and to civilization.

#### CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE TO JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

Twenty-nine skyliners found themselves on Gibbon Pass on August 2, 1967 to pay tribute to their founder by placing a marker on the pass. "Sidewinder", the packhorse, consented to take the necessary supply of cement and tools to the top of the pass. A suggestion that a marker was needed for the formal rock arrangement was designed by Bill Bagley and Michael Crawley of the outfitting crew. The handsome wooden sign was inscribed with a burning wire as follows:

"GIBBON PASS - 7500 feet, 1967"

It is hoped that the hikers and riders jointly can replace the wooden sign with a bronze marker of some type and in this way honor their founder. From the site of the rock marker (made from native stones in the area), magnificent views can be enjoyed. On the Shadow Lake side of the pass are Mt. Assiniboine, Haiduk, Scarab and Pharoah peaks. On the Twin Lakes side, the hiker sees such peaks as Storm, Whymper and Boom and to the far northwest looms mighty Mt. Hector in the distance. Directly to the north is the north face of Copper mountain and immediately to the south is the lovely Ball mountain group.

The story which appeared in the Centennial issue of the Bulletin about John Murray Gibbon and the fact that the Geodetic Survey of Canada had named the pass in honor of J. M. Gibbon in 1929, was placed inside the stone marker. It is a modest and very much in keeping with the surroundings marker which is a credit to the founder and to those who dreamed up the idea and carried the project to completion.

Hikers and fishermen who have crossed Gibbon Pass since the marker was built on August 2nd, 1967, have commented to the effect that it is indeed an attractive and useful marker on the pass.



LIFE MEMBERSHIPS ARE AVAILABLE from the Secretary Treasurer upon the payment of \$25.00 from Trail Riders who have attended at least one trail ride & \$20.00 from Skyline Hikers who have attended at least one hike. The late R. H. Palenske of Woodstock, Illinois designed the beautiful scroll type membership certificates.

TRAIL RIDERS MILEAGE BUTTONS AND CREST PRICES - Button and safety clasp pin styles: Bronze (50 mile) \$2.50; Silver (100 mile) \$3.50; Silver and enamel (250 mile) \$4.00; Gold (500 mile) \$5.00; Gold and enamel (1,000 mile) \$6.00; All enamel (2,500 mile) \$6.00. Colorful felt crest (4 inches in diameter) price is \$3.50.

SKYLINE HIKERS MILEAGE BUTTONS AND CRESTS - Red or Yellow boot pin or button (eligible to purchase after one hike or 25 miles hiking with the Skyline hikers) \$3.50; Colorful felt crest (4 inches in diameter) price is \$2.00.

HATS AND PROPER BOOTS for either RIDING or HIKING ARE NECESSARY for a mountain holiday as your comfort on such trips is most important. It can be HOT! In the high altitude many a person has regretted not having worn a H A T and proper B O O T S !

B E S U R E T O F O L L O W the INSTRUCTIONS in the 1968 BROCHURE!

\* \* \* \*

Birth - Born on February 15, 1968, a daughter, Margaret Ann, 8 lbs. to Mr. & Mrs. Quinton Armstrong (nee Edith Edge) of Nanton, Alberta.

Marriages - Miss Anne Fallis, member of the Skyline Hikers executive committee, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Story, Toronto on September 30, 1967.

Miss Mara Maitland, member of the Trail Riders Townsend Trophy committee, was married to Mr. D. Smith, during August, 1967, in Edmonton, Alberta.

Deaths - Dr. Sandy Somerville, official medical doctor on the Skyline Hikes, died August 17, 1967, in Edmonton at the age of 70 years, from lung cancer.

Mr. E. P. Holmes, died August 22nd, 1967, at the age of 85. He had been suffering from a heart ailment for several months prior to his death. He belonged to the Skyline Hikers.

Mr. Wally Thom was drowned in Baker Lake, N.W.T. early in October, 1967. Wally was the first Game Officer of the Keewatin district at the time of his death, at the age of 23. He had worked for Brewsters almost every summer since he was ten years old until the last two years. He was well known on the trail rides as a guide. His wife Charlotte, was a member of the Kitchen Crew for the hike and ride camps during the summer of 1967. At present Charlotte is in Calgary taking a business course. A memorial cairn is being erected to Wally's memory at Baker Lake.

Travellers - Misses Doreen Jordan and Geraldine Fordyce, skyline hikers who attended the 1967 camp, left Calgary by air on November 1, 1967 on their way around the world. Stops have included Hawaii, Japan, Thailand, India, Lebanon, and Europe. They plan to return to Canada in late August, 1968.

Kristian Gowertz-Jensen (Chris), guide on the trail rides, has completed his university training in political science, and has gone to Sydney, Australia. He sends "Howdy and Howarya" to all the riders and hikers from 'down under'. He says swimming in the surf is delightful!



## PHOTOGRAPHS - Comments and Identification

1. Sunrise on Mt. Assiniboine peak - elevation is 11,870 ft., Assiniboine Park, B. C.
2. Trail riders on Airplane Meadows with Magog and Assiniboine peaks at back.
3. View of Assiniboine, Wedgewood peaks, and Sunburst and Cerulean lakes from Chuck's ridge.
4. View of the Marshall peak from one of the nubs.
5. View of the six-mile long Marvel Lake with hiker Ken Betts in the foreground.
6. Looking west to the nubs from near Wonder Pass.
7. Trail rider, Chuck Wilson, and Gog lake.
8. Elizabeth Lake, named by the British Columbia government in honor of Miss Elizabeth Rummel, who is the owner of the Sunburst Guest Lodge.
9. Miss Elizabeth Rummel, photographed in September, 1966.
10. Sunburst Lake and Mt. Assiniboine.
11. Assiniboine Lodge, owned by Erling Strom and now operated by his daughter, Siri, (Mrs. J. Davies).
12. Erling Strom at work on the lodge addition in 1960.
13. A fossil of horned coral, photographed on Og Pass.
14. Ray McBride of Canmore, Alberta, outfitter and packer for private groups as well as for Miss Rummel and her guests.
15. Early morning on Bryant Creek meadows in 1960.
16. Mt. Assiniboine and neighboring peaks as viewed from Gibbon Pass, 1967.
17. Early morning reflection of Mt. Ball in Shadow Lake, 1967 hike.
18. On Gibbon Pass, elevation 7,500 ft. approximately.
19. Waterfalls view on the hike to the ice caves.
20. A rainbow - often enjoyed by hikers following a rainshower.
21. The ice caves - glacier remnant melting to form the blue lake.
22. Hiking on a ridge in the mountains.
23. Princess Red Feather and Teepee Three chiefs - "Chief Cloud Number Nine", "Chief Walking Papa Bear", and "Chief Big Breeze in the Wind".
24. Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Foster, Detroit, Michigan, who returned in 1967, after an absence of eleven years.
25. Accordionist Dora Kirk and husband, Lorne, starting out on the day's hike.
26. Skyline Hikers' Halloween Party, October 28, 1967, Calgary, Alberta - Prize winners - the 'new' - Bob Jones as a "hippie" and the 'old' - Charles and Olive Everest as "1867".
27. Prize winner, "Flower" - Joan Fodor.
28. Camp Director Mary Lore - Shadow Lake - picture by Dr. W. W. Foster.
29. Skyliners have centennial atmosphere in camp - little teepee and the donut.
30. Early morning - the donut - by Dr. W. W. Foster.
31. Creating the Gibbon Pass sign, Bill Bagley, Mike Crawley and Lou Shulman.
32. Building the native stone marker on Gibbon Pass - Lou Shulman and Rosemary Wood.
33. The marker - Gibbon Pass - 7500 feet - in honor of Dr. John Murray Gibbon, founder of the Trail Riders and the Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.
34. President Ian MacKenzie, Fred Fodor, Rosemary Wood, Jack Crossley and Secretary Treasurer Lou Shulman.
35. Riding in the Rockies - tourist dude style at Lake Louise.
36. Townsend Trophy Photography winner 1967 - First Prize to Bill Jones, of Bloomington, California for "Crossing the Creek".
37. Townsend Trophy Photography winner 1967 - Second Prize to S. G. Houghton, Reno, Nevada for "Birdwood Basin".
38. Townsend Trophy Photography winner 1967 - Third Prize to Mrs. V. A. Newcombe, Yellowknife, N. W. T., for her slide entitled, "Tipis".
39. Douglas Goldsmith, Victoria, B. C., - Trail Riding accordionist.
40. Trail Riders along Magog Lake and Mt. Assiniboine, as taken by R. W. Davis.



## PHOTOGRAPHS - Comments and Identification (cont'd)

41. Trail Riders climbing Wonder Pass which is between Marvel Lake and Magog Lake.
42. Charles R. Whittaker, Edmonton, who has been attending trail rides since 1959 and acted as Emcee for the First Ride in 1967.
43. Pat Waite on a favourite horse called "Mickey", posed by a waterfall in the Badger Pass area. Pat was Emcee for the Second Ride in 1967.
44. Howard Watkins, Emcee for the Third Ride in 1967, has been attending trail rides since 1953 and has not missed being on at least one each season and sometimes he attends two of the four held each summer.
45. Lois Laycraft, posed with a horse called "Joker" tried her hand at emceeing the Fourth Ride in 1967. She took one of her sons with her on the ride last year and gave another son the same opportunity in 1967.

### The Associations' Presidents

46. Trail Rider J.D. (Jack) Petrie, Calgary, Alberta is the association's choice for president in 1968. Jack is a lawyer in the city and an enthusiastic photographer. He says his interest in trail riding goes back to his teens when he had a pony of his own and rode with friends in areas ranging from Bragg Creek to the Spray system and to Banff. His riding group considered themselves to be explorers rather than trail ride dudes in those days. He returned to riding some years ago through the trail rides and enjoys the mountain trips very much. Photograph taken by Mackie.
47. Skyline Hiker Miss Lillian Gest, of Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, has been made 1968 president of the association. She has been hiking the trails in the Canadian Rockies for more years than there has been a skyline hikers association. She is author of the "Lake O'Hara Story" and spends a part of each summer hiking in this area. She is an expert on mountain birds and wrote an article for 1964 - A.B. No. 3 bulletin on birds of the mountain area. In the current issue Lillian has written an article about riding and hiking in the Assiniboine vicinity.
48. Past President but currently the chairman of the Skyline Hikers Executive Committee is Ian W. MacKenzie of Strathmore, Alberta. Ian has been attending the skyline hikes since 1958. He is a school principal for the Strathmore area and was recently honored by the National Centennial Committee. He received a centennial medal for his contribution to education and community enterprises.

### Secretary-Treasurers

49. Muriel Walter went on her first trail ride in 1959. In 1963 she was appointed secretary-treasurer for the trail riders association. She is secretary for a local independent oil company and has given much of her time and energy to Toastmistress projects. Photo by Gordon Chamburg.
50. Lou Shulman acted as secretary-treasurer for both the riding and hiking associations from June, 1961 until 1963 and now is serving as secretary treasurer of the Skyline Hikers. Lou retired a year ago from the Income Tax Dept. He holds a record of having attended 29 out of 30 hikes since he started going on the skyline hike. Photo by Dr. W.W. Foster.



PHOTOGRAPHS - Comments and Identification (cont'd)

51. Outfitter Bud Brewster, Banff with daughters, Janet, age 7 years and Corrine, age 4 years. The youngest is two and too young to come on the ride which brought them into the skyline hike campsite.
52. Dr. Sandy Somerville (late) of Edmonton, and camp doctor for the hike, taken in 1960 near Cerulean Lake in the Assiniboine area. He attended his first hike in 1946, was president of the association in 1958 and had attended almost every hike since his first one. He died in Edmonton August 17, 1967, at the age of 70 years. He is survived by his wife, Edythe, two married daughters, Beth and Leith and four grandchildren, as well as two sisters.
53. Mrs. Bud (Annette) Brewster.
54. Mr. E. P. (Ed) Holmes, Calgary, died August 21, 1967 at the age of 85 years. He was an enthusiastic hiker and photographer and had been hiking in the mountains since the twenties. His first skyline hike was in 1937 and was president at the Skoki camp in 1949. He often gave the Sunday night thought to the hikers around the campfire.  
  
Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on December 27th, 1966. He is survived by his wife, five sons, 14 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.
55. Brown bear with black bear cub and some advice which should be followed but is not, unfortunately, by some homo-sapiens. By Helen MacArthur
56. Rocky Mountain Sheep Ram posing near view of Mt. Rundle, Banff.  
By Helen MacArthur.
57. Buffalo in paddock in Banff National Park, Banff.
58. Rocky Mountain Goat at Athabasca lookout.
59. Rocky Mountain Sheep yearling, Banff.
60. Male Elk (Wapiti) with horns in the velvet, taken in early July.
61. Young moose at Banff.
62. Cow and calf of the Moose family at Lower Waterfowl Lake.
63. Aspen trees which the elk have nibbled - old and new nibblings.
64. Moose cow and calf in Lower Waterfowl Lake.
65. Close-up of Mule Deer in winter coloring at Banff.
66. Young Buffalo calf with bull and cow - Waterton Park.
67. Mule Deer near Mt. Norquay ski slopes.
68. Rock Rabbit - Pika - Cony - a small rodent of the rocky terrain, who spends the summers gathering grass and leaves for the winter. He can be recognized as the hiker or rider passes a rocky moraine, by the piercing "e-e-e-k" warning call, which seems to be a warning to the rest of the village that strangers are in town.



69. Northern Chipmunk (note the three stripes and the smaller size when compared to the Golden Mantled Ground Squirrel) in the Bow Lake area.
70. Brown Squirrel near Athabasca lookout.
71. Golden Mantled Ground Squirrel (often called a chipmunk - but note that there are no side stripes on the head) - Lake O'Hara area.
72. Hoary Marmot (Whistling marmot) is often seen sunning himself on a nice large rock. His warning call resembles the human whistle.
73. Columbian Ground Squirrel - near Lake McArthur.
74. Franklin's Grouse in a spruce tree near Cascade mountain.
75. The Rock Ptarmigan near Lake O'Hara.
76. Canada Jay or the Gray Jay - in winter at Peyto Lake.
77. A Beaver Pond in the Jasper area, without a beaver.
78. The slogan was originally printed over the archway to Yoho National Park when entering it from Kootenay National Park at Radium. The road was widened, the arch removed but the sign was preserved in a new form.

\* \* \* \* \*

# SCAR FACE JOE

# SINS OF OMISSION

Heap big injun  
Scarface Joe!  
Ride-up cayuse  
Deep in snow.

Sins of omission oft times prove  
Greater I know  
Than those of commission  
Regretfully 'tis so!

Squaw pack papoose  
Wade snow too!  
I say, "Scarface,  
Why you do?"

The careless thoughtless things we did  
The good we might have done,  
Life's backward trail lies plainly etched,  
In the rays of the setting sun.

"Why squaw walk-um?  
Scarface Joe,  
Pack-up papoose  
In the snow?"

A word of hope to one downcast  
Of courage to one who fears,  
It matters not the years you live  
But how you live the years.

"Tell-um ride but  
It no use.  
Squaw she walk-um  
No cayuse."

A helping hand on a stony trail  
A guiding hand on the rein  
Such a host of things we'd gladly change,  
Could we do it o'er again.

The above poems were written by Raymond Bagley of Coleman, Alberta and are printed by his kind permission. "Uncle Ray", as he is known to many, has attended his share of trail rides. He no longer attends the rides as he says, "I have been grounded!"





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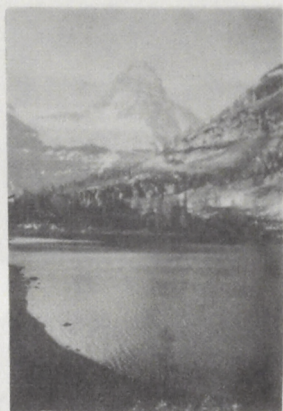


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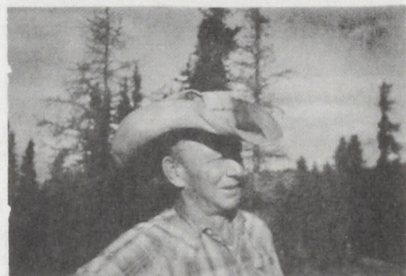
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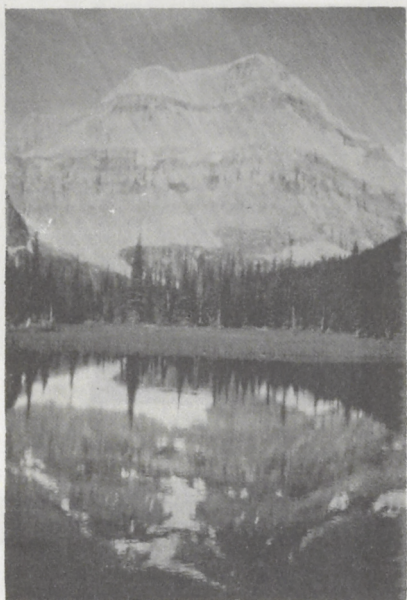


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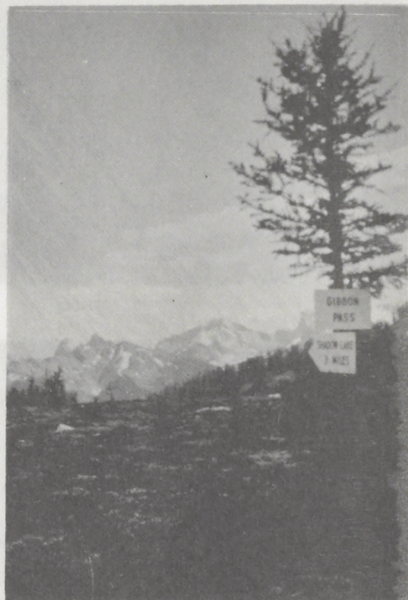


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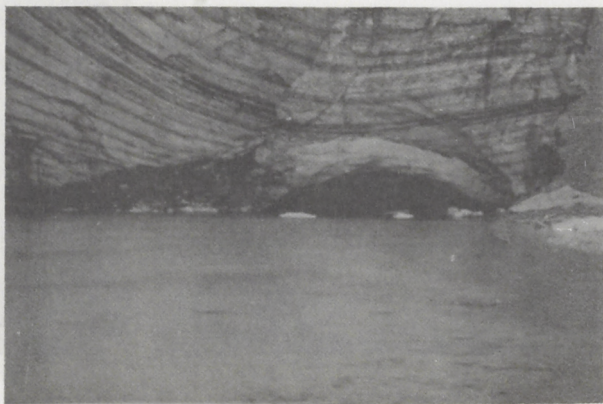
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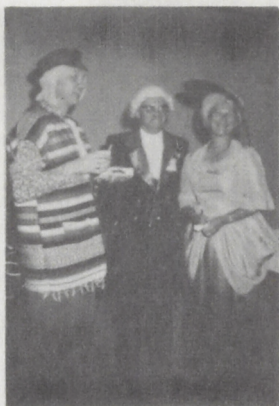


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HIKERS' GIBBON PASS AND  
SHADOW LAKE CAMP - 1967



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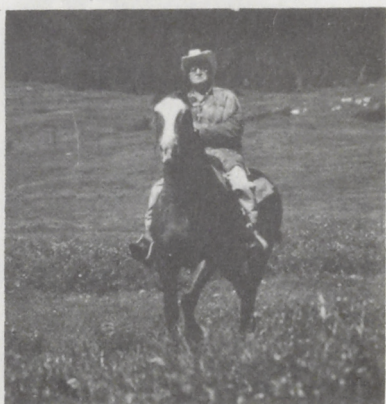




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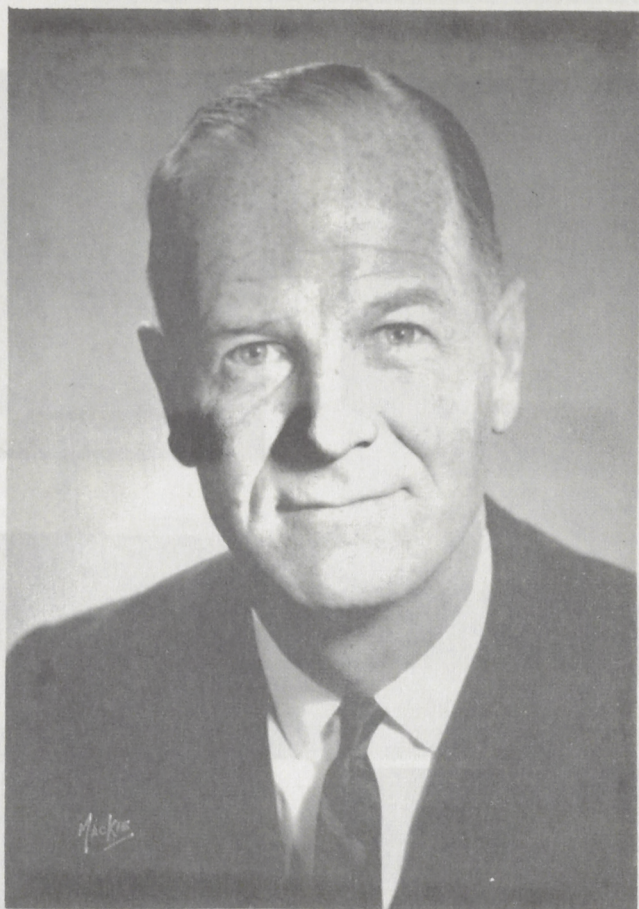


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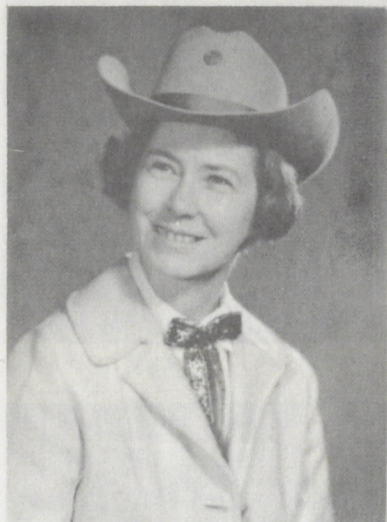


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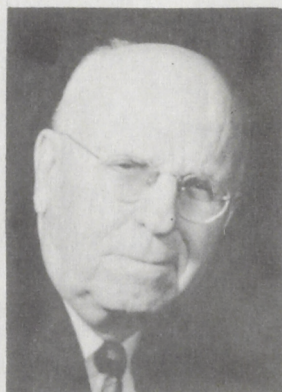
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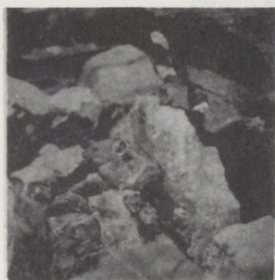


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## PALLISER PASS - THIRD RIDE

August 6-11, 1967

by

S. G. Houghton, Reno, Nevada

The weather looked dubious as we gathered at the bus depot on Sunday morning but the ride to the corral at Spray Lake over the Parks Department road was cool and delightful. Horses were assigned with great perspicuity under the direction of the head guide and soon we were off on the leisurely eight-mile journey up the Spray River to the permanent camp below Palliser cabin. The day was overcast and rain occasionally sprinkled our caravan.

Conveniently after dinner and campfire that evening a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the mountains with prolonged sound and light effects accompanied by drenching rains. These left no damage but the moist air remained over the park for our first two days. On Monday we visited Leman Lake, a short ride and a sharp climb; its waters revealed some huge fish but even Willard Neilson was unable to entice them to the hook. Returning, we led our horses down the precipitous slopes of rock and mud made hazardous by the rainfall.

Tuesday, conditions were much better and we rode the long and very beautiful trail to Palliser Pass. The glacier on Mt. Sir Douglas glistened and fresh snow adorned many adjacent peaks. The lunch site at Belgium Lake was a felicitious choice and here a professional photographer took moving pictures of the group performing various riding activities, such as crossing the streams, etc. That evening the first fish were brought into camp, taken from the nearby Spray River where they seemed both plentiful and willing. These were furnished up for breakfast by Esther, whose amiable attitude and skilled cuisine were among the special pleasures of our trip.

The third of four expeditions from camp took us to Whiteman's Pass, up the creek of the same name to another delightful lake under a towering peak. Alpine flowers abounded in the gentle meadows and the cloud effects remained but no longer threatened. The long, steep trail presented no difficulty this time to our acrobatic steeds.

Our final day in camp brought perhaps the most rewarding side trip of all: to Birdwood Basin, high on the slopes of the peak similarly named. Wildlife had previously been elusive, but the entire entourage on this trek passed under a porcupine which drowsed a few feet above, directly over the trail; and a fine white goat was watched for some time as it grazed high over the grassy lunch spot. People wandered far and wide, exploring and taking pictures. Among the rare sights was a view of Mt. Assiniboine, visible from a ridge above the basin, over twelve miles away to the northwest, rearing its massive pyramid. Everywhere were icefields and cornices atop their rocky columns, often like cake frosting in a baker's design.

The last night in camp brought our traditional stunting under the able stimulus of Howard Watkins, our leader. Two of our association presidents, Jim Kincaid--currently and past president, "Prof" Davis, presented their Special Act. We were treated to imaginative talented skits that brought howls of amusement and joy from every spectator. Especially droll were the quadrupeds invented for these numbers.



It was, as ever, sad to break up the encampment on Friday and return to the Spray Lakes. For variety we used the trail down the west side of Spray River, which rushed with increasing volume through winding watercourses and the deep chasms, a silver spectacle. Mournfully we took leave of our loyal mounts and solicitous wranglers, having enjoyed an outing without blemish, filled with the incomparable privilege of wilderness acquaintance in particularly gorgeous surroundings.

### THIS THING CALLED HIKING

by Graham Nichols

(The Summit News, Banff, Canada, Oct. 5, 1967 quoted the following:

For many years Graham Nichols spent his summers in Banff as Public Relations chief at the Banff Springs Hotel. A writer and newspaperman, he fell in love with the country and over the years wrote dozens of yarns about Banff and the Canadian Rockies. Inside this week is a rerun of a story he wrote in 1943 on Hiking in the Canadian Rockies printed originally in the Trailhikers' Bulletin. The quality of this story is more than a tribute to the subject matter, it also marks the quality of the author.

"There's a world of difference between seeing the Canadian Rockies and knowing the Canadian Rockies. They can be seen -- and to excellent advantage -- from the observation platform of a transcontinental train or from the window of a passing automobile. But to really get on speaking terms with the giant hills calls for a more intimate approach. And that's where the Sky Line Trail Hikers come into the picture.

This energetic and adventurous society of mountaineers, whose members have been staging annual sorties over the Rocky Mountain skyline since 1933, serves as a thrilling liaison between the mountains and those who seek closer communication with Earth's skyward borders. It has literally brought the mountains "down to the earth".

Rockies Extend Colorful Welcome - Today the Rockies are no longer regarded as forbidding, challenging and unfriendly, nor are their secrets shared only by the marmot and the mountain goat. On the contrary, these once misunderstood snow-capped monarchs actually outdo themselves in an effort to display their charms and hospitality to those who come with haversack, alpenstock, and a love of nature.

Small wonder then that Trail Hikers return year after year to feel their magic spell. Only those who have followed the course of a splashing mountain stream, a wooded valley or gloried in a flower-fringed alpine tarn or skyward meadow, can appreciate this magic spell.

Thousands of travellers journey through the Rockies every year, marvelling at the long procession of panoramic thrills that keep pace with their itinerary. To a certain extent, however, they are seeing only the surface -- and getting much the same effect as though they were viewing a scenic travelogue film at their neighborhood theatre back home. Their view of the Rockies is strictly composite.

A patch of green here, a splash of glittering white there, or varying shades of rocky brown appear simply as facial expressions of the mountains' vast complexion. For the Sky Line Trail Hikers, however, this composite face is broken down



into a series of beautiful elements -- and each one a delightful surprise. What appear at a distance to be solid patches of mossy green resolve themselves into groves of stately larches through whose flimsy needlework filter patches of brilliant alpine sunshine.

Flowers Undismayed by Snow - A remote patch of white on the upper regions of a distant mountainside may prove equally deceptive to the casual railway or highway observer. Trail hikers, however, whose excursions have taken them high above the Rocky Mountain timberline, know these splashes of white to be gleaming tracts of snow, some of which are actually immune to the most intensive summer rays of Old Sol.

Hikers usually find it difficult to associate snow of the skyline brand with the type that makes us long for the good old summertime at altitudes closer to sea level. Alpine snow, for the most part, is of a granular substance, and not the type that makes the hiker feel like pulling up his collar. In fact it is not uncommon to see flowers blooming in profusion within a few yards of a snowfield whose cool breath has a tonic effect on hikers, overheated by a few hours of continuous climbing.

Those hardy members of the 1942 hike who left their less energetic colleagues panting on the brink of Desolation Valley, used a conveniently located snowfield as a means of increasing their speed down a wide sweep of mountainside leading back to the hills of Sunshine and the cozy interior of Sunshine Lodge. In this case hiking boots proved an effective substitute for skis and provided zestful thrills for those who descended by this novel means.

It is not infrequent to see hikers (admittedly the more hardy species) cavorting in the blue or green waters of an alpine lake or tarn, others stretched out languidly on a grassy slope absorbing the health-giving rays of the summer sun, and all within a few uphill paces of a glittering patch of snow that may or may not prevail till the annual freeze-up. The hiker must be prepared for such interesting contrasts: the Rockies are full of them.

Shale calls for Expert Footwork - The hiker also has his choice of several varieties of footing along the trail. These range from the springy, grassy carpet of an alpine meadow and the cushioning floor of evergreen needles, along a woody river path, to the hard pavement of natural rock that in many cases leads from the grassy meadows to the summit of surrounding peaks. Probably one of the most unique forms of hiking surfaces encountered last summer was the slithering tumbling mass of shale that led to the base of a mountain near Simpson Summit. Descending by this means produced much the same effect as negotiating a snow-covered incline and requiring much the same intricate footwork!

But all is not rock, snow and timber in this "Shangri-La" of the Canadian west. Veritable carpets of delicately-hued mountain flora, colorfully arranged on the high plateaus, "benches" and lush alpine meadows, greet the hiker on his trek to the sky line. Shy blue forget-me-nots peep bashfully from rocky nooks and crannies while delicate moss flowers appear as bright red headed pins shining from a pin-cushion of bright green. This colorful floral panorama and the eternal peace that broods over the skyward meadows all help to repay the hiker who has wended his way upward via Nature's own fascinating stairways.



TRIBUTE by Dr. Gerald M. Hutchinson - August 21, 1967.  
to the late DR. ASBURY (Sandy) SOMERVILLE,  
(Official Medical Doctor on the Skyline Hike)

Hymns: Day is Dying in the West --- Unto the Hills Do I Lift up Mine Eyes

We have been drawn together this day by strong bonds of affection and respect for the late Dr. Asbury Somerville. Our grief is overwhelmed by pride and gratitude as we remember his life, his work, his person, his keen sense of beauty in all living things, and his skill as guide and photographer. Some of you knew him best in the family, as brother, husband and father, constant and thoughtful in his loving. Some of you knew him as doctor, dedicated and compassionate in his healing.

Many of us rejoiced in his friendship, sensitive, upright and quiet. A select company knew him as guide and companion on the skyline trails of the Canadian Rockies over many years, bringing back to us who could not follow, the magnificent pictures revealing his insight as much as the magnificence of the mountains.

There is a well-marked pattern to his life, a combination of influence and experience testifying to high character and intent. He moved from the exhilarating heights of the mountains to labour in the deep valleys of human suffering and need - a pattern clearly marked in the scriptures where indeed, he may well have found it.

Do you remember that when Moses found the press of humanity too close, when he needed clearer direction and a surer sense of God, he climbed high into the mountains, not necessarily to be nearer God, but to escape for a while the distractions of humanity, then back to the people and their needs. Do you remember the stirring words of Isaiah in the 40th chapter.

O Zion, that bringeth good tidings,	He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
Get thee up to the mountain!	He shall father the lambs with his arm,
O Jerusalem, that bringeth good tidings,	and carry them in his bosom, and
Lift up your voice with strength,	shall gently lead those that are with
Say to the cities of Judah,	young.
Behold your God!	

And do you remember the account of the Transfiguration of Christ, Matthew 17, .... and bringeth them into the high mountain. Peter said, "Lord it is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles .... thee .... Moses .... Elias.

But Jesus led them back to the multitudes and their need. Lord have mercy on my son .... and the child was cured from that very hour.

Dr. Somerville found and exemplified this pattern of exhilaration and inspiration combined with directly meeting human need, the mark of greatness in a man, and the source of greatness.

The late Dag Hammarskjöld left a diary, a remarkable document of his meditations and insights, including the following:

continued.



I am being driven forward  
 Into an unknown land,  
 The pass grows steeper,  
 The air colder and sharper.  
 A wind from my unknown goal  
 Stirs the strings  
 Of expectation.

Smiling, sincere, incorruptible,  
 His body disciplined and limber.  
 A man who had become what he could,  
 And was what he was -  
 Read at the moment to gather everything,  
 Into one simple sacrifice.

Tomorrow we shall meet, Death and I,  
 And he shall thrust his sword  
 Into one who is wide awake.

\* \* \* \* \*

# WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN ONE DAY ON THE SKYLINE HIKE

by Jerry Siegfried, Wichita, Kansas.

I rolled out of my sleeping bag to the tap of rain on my teepee. Well, I didn't exactly roll out, the way I dress for bed, I dig myself out. After a hearty breakfast I picked out a leader who would expect us to do the least. After climbing into camp yesterday, I didn't want to see another incline ever. You know, a mountain goat started to join us in our climb until he realized we were just people. The guide I chose was going to Haiduk lake. We started out twelve strong, no! only eleven were strong, I was just willing! We started down stream below camp and sure enough the ranger had been at work and had built a bridge over the creek. We followed red ribbons until they changed to yellow ribbons and then they must have run out of ribbon and started using the axe. It was a WELL blazed trail. There were blazes where there was no trail. The guide lost his way (guess it was 'cause the blazes were confusing) and we ended in the marshes but was it ever a beautiful hike. At one point we saw our beautiful teepee camp across the creek. Finally we came to Shadow Lake and it was just beautiful with Mt. Ball looking into it at one end and Storm mountain from the other end. It was all well bathed in sunlight. After snapping pictures we started on our way to Haiduk lake. We left only footprints and some of our blood, but the mosquitoes were happy we came! We stopped at the 3-way junction for lunch. Haiduk lake was one way, Mt. Ball was another way and Shadow lake from where we had come. We are specializing in balony this year (which I like) so after the sandwiches, we started again for the lake with new zeal.

It was up and up and up and just when one thought one couldn't make it, one would arrive at a beautiful flower bed and pictures had to be taken. The paint brush, arnica, fleabane, columbine and speedwells (or were they forget-me-nots?) were in the height of their glory. At last we arrived at Haiduk lake and it was a commanding view. The view of Pharoah and Haiduk separated by Whistling pass, with a blue sky filled with billowy clouds and all iced with sunshine was a sight to



behold. We all sat by the rocks in the stream and drank in the beauty. Time was short so we had to leave soon and start back for the campsite. Everything looked different but just as beautiful on the way back. Again the blazes were confusing and we lost our way, but the Lord takes care of the ignorant and we got on another trail and it was a beautiful trail too. No one fell in the creek so we figured the day's hike was a success!

(Jerry Siegfried has attended every Skyline Hike Camp since her first one at Mt. Alymer in 1951. The foregoing article was originally written for the memento book which was prepared by the 1967 camp for the late Dr. Sandy Somerville.)

\* \* \* \* \*

THE GUIDE THAT IS KNOWN AS LOU

(1949 Skoki Skyline Hike)

by Eva Mapplebeck, Turner Valley.

He rose from the ground  
With strength and rebound  
The guide that is known as Lou  
He hefted his pack  
On the top of his back,  
The gentleman known as Lou.

"Now all fall in line  
And when I give the sign,"  
Said the guide that is known as Lou,  
"you'll all march along,  
With strength and with song!"  
Quoth the gentleman known as Lou.

He strode out in front  
Like a hound on a hunt  
The guide that is known as Lou.  
We trailed on behind  
This hikers' great find  
The gentleman known as Lou!

"I'm sure I've a blister!"  
Said one of the girls,  
To the guide that is known as Lou.  
"Well, sit here and wait,  
We leave you to your fate,"  
Said the gentleman known as Lou.

With breath almost spent,  
Like racehorses we went  
With the gentleman known as Lou,  
I wish that I could  
Only be half as good  
As the Guide that is known as Lou!

Lou Shulman, trail guide on the hikes and the secretary-treasurer of the hikers association was honored at one of the 1967 evening campfires on the occasion of his having attended 29 out of 30 hikes since he started coming on the skyline hikes. The above poem was used as a part of the tribute to Lou.



## TALL TALES FROM THE PAST

It has been said that humour rode the trails with John Murray Gibbon. The following are a couple of tales based on truth. The incidents around which the tales are told occurred about 1920 and were printed in the Bulletins in 1948 by the then editor, J. M. Gibbon.

### Mountains, Moonlight and .....!!!!????

One of the most entertaining outings I have taken in the Rockies took place when I accompanied a group of newspaper men and their wives on a trip which was outfitted by Bill Potts, an old time guide.

The party included a man named Jack Lait, who was a columnist for a Chicago newspaper, and a Mr. and Mrs. Rice who were photographers. Jack Lait had to send in some columns in advance to his newspaper and as I went to the hotel to pick him up he was concluding a story and said to me, that he had written a story about how he was getting ready to track a mountain lion to its lair. That gave me an idea and I went to a fur shop in Banff and got the mounted head of a cougar which looked very wild and fierce but it was not too heavy, so I slipped it into my duffel bag. Jack had served in World War I and he sometimes wore his battle dress around the camp and was a great story teller at the evening campfires. I told Mrs. Rice of my intention to play a prank and that I would need her assistance. The guide planted the head in the top of a tree branch and arranged it so it was peering out with open mouth and hanging tongue. He then slipped back to the campfire.

Suddenly shrieks from several of the ladies could be heard outside the tent. Someone said, "Where are the ladies? Sounds like they are in trouble!"

Bill Potts said, "I saw them a few minutes ago going up that trail".

Jack Lait's latest campfire story had to be interrupted to see what the trouble was in camp. Some hurried into the moonlight and up the trail and met the girls who were all in a flutter.

"There's an awful looking animal in there somewhere," said one excited lady. "We just escaped by the skin of our teeth!"

(Those who were in the 'know' of the joke, were quite helpful and those who were not in on the 'know', were quite convinced that she had seen something fierce in the bush.) Jack was completely taken in by the act. He pulled an old revolver out of his battle dress and proceeded up the trail in search of something. In a moment we heard Bill Potts say, "There he is -- shoot! or he'll jump!" At that moment Jack saw the animal too, and he pulled out his revolver and let fire -- his aim was good and the head came tumbling down out of the tree on to the trail.

Jack Lait realized he had been tricked, but he gallantly picked up the thread of the theme and as he kicked the cougar head along the trail in the moonlight, he said,

"My Gosh, it is a mountain lion all right - not only dead but mounted!"



## The Fish with the Luminous Eyes

A morning ride took a group to White Man's Pass, and near the warden's cabin in this area, a canyon traverses the area. It was a good spot to stop and the guide, Bill Potts told them that over a hundred years ago a missionary by the name of Father de Smet had travelled in this area. One of the photographers in the group was connected with the Y. M. C. A. and had been nicknamed by the rest of the group -- George Washington -- and that he could never tell a lie. This came about mostly because he would not play blackjack with the chief guide, who was in the habit of winning from the guests. So at this stop, J. M. Gibbon and "George Washington" went for a walk to explore the pass.

It was quite impressive, a canyon flanked by cliffs which were broken in places with sheer slopes of loose rock several hundred feet high. On one of these slopes, quite high up, we saw what looked like the entrance to a cave.

"As we looked up" said J. M. Gibbon, "George Washington said he was going up to that cave." The shale was loose and little progress could be made and so the two had to turn back. As Gibbon and Washington neared the cabin and the rest of the party, Washington said, "We can't admit that we couldn't reach that cave. You back me up in whatever description I give of our discovery." Gibbon agreed and into camp they went.

To give the impression of hardship, Washington smeared his face with dust and rubbed some on his clothes. As they neared the group, Washington began to stagger and point to the cave and cried out "The Cave! The Cave!" and fell on one knee as if overcome by fatigue.

However, he had not bargained on the next event taking place, but someone whipped out a stimulant and poured it down the exhausted hiker's throat. Unaccustomed as he was to this type of treatment, his tongue soon became loosened and he told the most fantastic story about the cave in the following way.

"When I got up there, I found it was indeed a cave, all glistening as if made with jewels. There was a trail on a ledge beside a stream which I followed to a great pool which was overhung with stalactites. In the green-blue sparkling pool, there were beautiful fish swimming - fish with luminous eyes. Around the pool we could see mountain goats and overhead the eagles soared ahead and went into the dark distance. It was the kind of a cavern one reads about in fairy tales."

Now if it had not been "George Washington" who told the story, perhaps no one would have believed him but they did and immediately made up a party to go to the caves. Everyone of the guests went but the guides and the photographer laughed and said there was no such thing over the pass as a cave in the canyon.

The party went to the canyon and like Gibbon and Washington could go no further. They too, slid back on the steep shaly slopes, and were likewise forced to turn back. On their retreat, they decided they could not admit defeat and so they like George Washington said they had found the lovely lake and the fish with the luminous eyes, and this they told to the guides and the photographer.

This second story was too much for the guides -- they had never seen a pool with fish in it who had luminous eyes. The guides led by Bill Potts, the chief guide, decided if the dudes could make such a climb, they could do so and off they went. Not even the guides could climb the steep slopes at the end of the



canyon. They returned to camp but did not wish to admit defeat in front of the guests, so they confirmed the story that they, too, had found a beautiful lake in a lovely setting which contained fish who swam by the light of their luminous eyes.

Now it was the photographer's turn. This photographer from Banff was the only one who had not seen the wonders of the cave and he was startled to have three groups tell of the fascinating cave and pool, luminous-eyed fish, mountain goats and soaring eagles. However, he had missed his chance to go to the cave but he was still a good business man. He wrote to the superintendent of the Parks Department in Ottawa and told him of this amazing discovery. He considered it would soon be a marvellous tourist attraction and he requested a commission to photograph the area. He added that he would need the assistance of some Swiss guides as the terrain appeared to be quite rugged and the cave almost inaccessible. As far as he knows, said Mr. Gibbon, that ended the tale, but perhaps there is a lake at the top of the canyon, and although it sounds silly, who knows, maybe fish and critters with luminous eyes do live there!

\* \* \* \* \*

TOM WILSON, outfitter and guide of bygone days in the Canadian Rockies, explorer, and the person who made the discovery of both Lake Louise and Emerald Lake, was an entertaining campfire story teller.

This is one of Tom Wilson's stories as told in the Skyline Hike Bulletin by Murray Gibbon when he was editor of that publication.

"As a story teller, Tom Wilson was hard to beat. He had a dry sense of humor and a skill in giving an unexpected ending to his story which always fascinated his listeners. Here is one of his hiking stories:

"I was hiking along a trail that was new to me -- it looked like an old Indian trail -- when I came to a point where it forked. I was about to turn up the right fork when I saw ahead of me a grizzly bear. So not having any other weapon than a hunting knife, I swung to the left and hiked along, pretty fast too, but not so fast as the grizzly, whom I could see over my shoulder, following my tracks. So I changed from a walk to a run, and so did the old GRIZZLY! Then, too late, I discovered that I was on a blind alley -- ahead of me was a wall of cliff with a ledge about ten feet high. There was nothing to do but make a jump for it, in the hope that I could pull myself up on the ledge, and I could feel the bear's breath on my neck as I jumped. I caught the ledge with my fingers, but the rock was loose -- my fingers slipped and  
-----/////////.....?????????,,,,,,,,,,!!!!!!!!!!!!

As Tom was telling the story, he stopped at this point, took out his pipe and proceeded to fill it.....!

"WHAT HAPPENED?????" said an impatient listener!!.....\*\*

\*\* At last Tom replied, "I died like a man."





ARE THESE CLOTHES O.K. FOR A TRAIL RIDE?

A Conference is a meeting of the bored!

Savings are merely delayed expenditures!

A resort is a place where the natives live on your vacation money until next summer.

Accountants never die - they just lose their balance!

A Salesman is a fellow who wishes he had as much fun at sales meetings as his wife thinks he has.

Adolescence is that period when children feel that parents should be told the facts of life.

Minority Rule - a baby in the house.

Tact is the ability to close your mouth before someone else wants to.

An excellent speech can be made by having a good beginning and a good ending and keeping the two as close together as possible.

Creeping downstairs in his bare feet, the husband surprised an intruder packing the family silver into a bag.

"A real burglar! Wait a minute, will you?"

"An' you'll call a cop!" snarled the burglar.

"Oh, no, only while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for the last twenty years, and I'm sure it will be a real pleasure for her to meet you at last."

An Expert is a man wearing a good looking suit and a tie, with an important look on his face who knows how to complicate simplicity.

Success is defined as having the ability to get along with some people and to get ahead of others.

A Statistician is a man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

The Test - Any time you discover that neither your enemies nor your friends are saying unkind things about you, you have reason to be alarmed - you may be dead and not know it!

A modern home is where a switch controls everything but the children.

Ducks may be considered stupid but as far as we know they don't pay fancy prices for guns so they will have an excuse to sit freezing in dreary marshes in the fall watching men fly south for the winter.

A pedestrian is a man who thought the family did not need two cars.

It was a bad day at the office because the computer broke down and we had to think!



# TRAIL RIDERS

ATKIN, Dr. J. M., Banff, Alta.  
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 BELL, Miss Margaret, Toronto, Ont.  
 BLAKNEY, Peter J., Verona, N. J.  
 BREWSTER, Claude, Banff, Alta.  
 CARTER, Wilf., Winter Park, Fla.  
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 DUCLOS, Aubrey, Edmonton, Alta.  
 EAMES, Mrs. Frances, Toronto  
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A., Cincinnati  
 HARBISON, Miss Anne, Philadelphia  
 HENRY, Mrs. J. N., Gladwyne, Pa.  
 HOLLANDER, Mrs. S., Baltimore  
 JOYCE, Mr. Wallace, Toronto  
 KAUFMAN, Eugene Jr., Philadelphia  
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 WILLIAMS, J. F., Vancouver, B. C.  
 WILLIS, Miss Hilda, Bristol, England  
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 WOOLLEY, Miss Ruth, Woodbury, N. J.

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 GIFFORD, Miss Ada F., Ottawa, Ont.  
 GOLDSTROM, Miss Marian, Red Deer, Alta.  
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 JONES, Robert L, Calgary, Alta.  
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 SHULMAN, Louis W., Calgary, Alta.  
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 Kansas, U. S. A.  
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 VALLANCE, Mrs. Sydney, Banff, Alta.  
 VALLANCE, Peter, Calgary, Alta.  
 WADE, Miss Eva, Edmonton, Alberta

Beautiful Life Membership Scrolls designed by the late artist and trail rider, R. H. PALENSKE; are available from the respective secretary treasurers.

TRAIL RIDERS - \$25.00 each

SKYLINE HIKERS - \$20.00 each

TO QUALIFY FOR LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN EITHER ASSOCIATION IT IS NECESSARY TO ATTEND ONE CAMP.



TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES - Founded in 1923.  
(Officers, Committees, Councillors for 1968) 45th year

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TRAIL COMMITTEE: Messrs. E. Lomas, H. Watkins and J. Waite,  
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more than 30 members and shall include in those  
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SKYLINE TRAIL HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES - Founded 1933  
(Officers, Committees and Councillors - 1968) 36th Year

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: (See Front of Bulletin for Listing of names)

OFFICIAL TRAIL HIKE DOCTOR:

OFFICIAL CAMP DIRECTORS: Miss Mary Lore, 1621-4th St. N. W., Calgary 41,  
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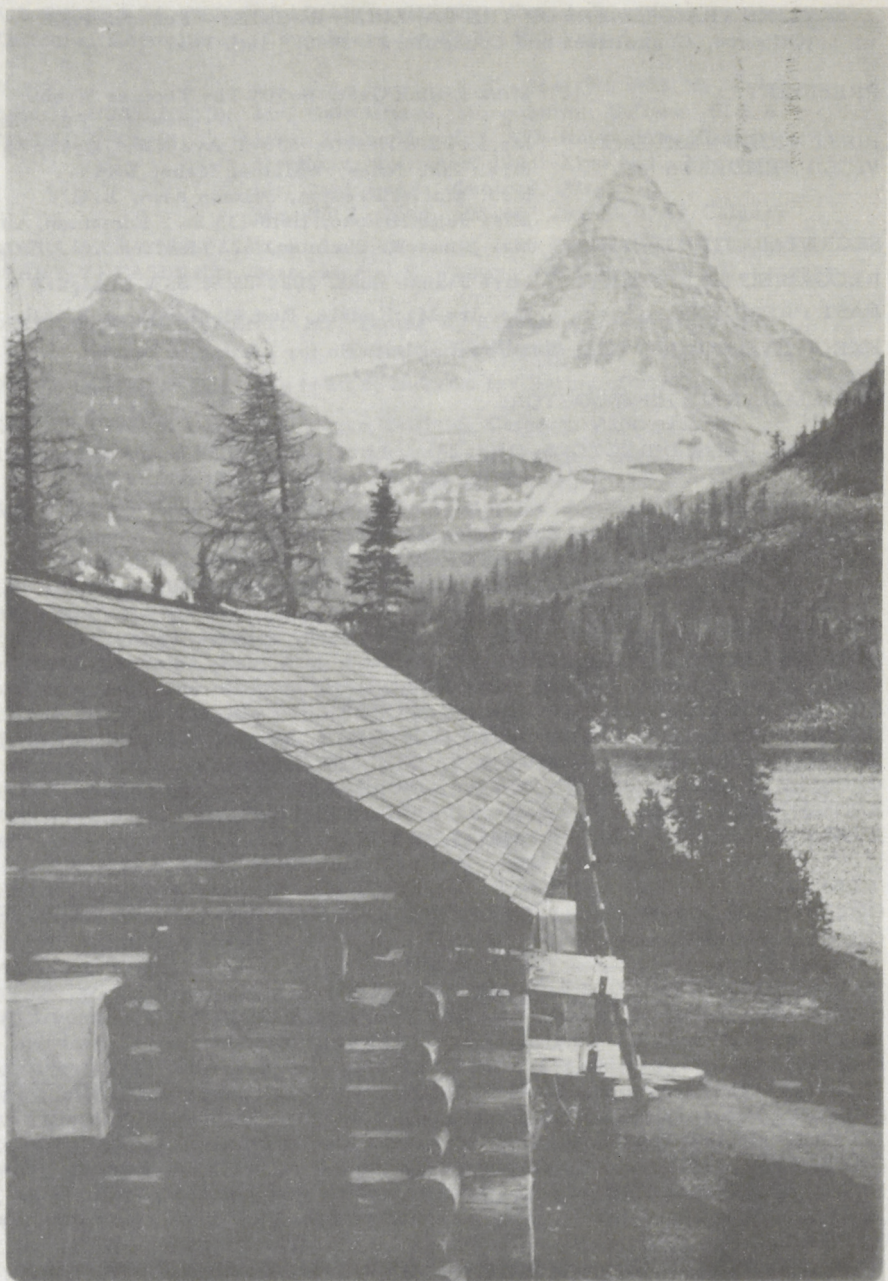
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more than 30 members and shall include in those  
numbers the officers of the society - 10 a quorum)

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LORE, Miss Mary S., Calgary	Vallance, S. R., Banff, Alta.
MacKENZIE, W. Ian, Strathmore, Alta.	





Mt. Assiniboine from Sunburst Lodge and Sunburst Lake